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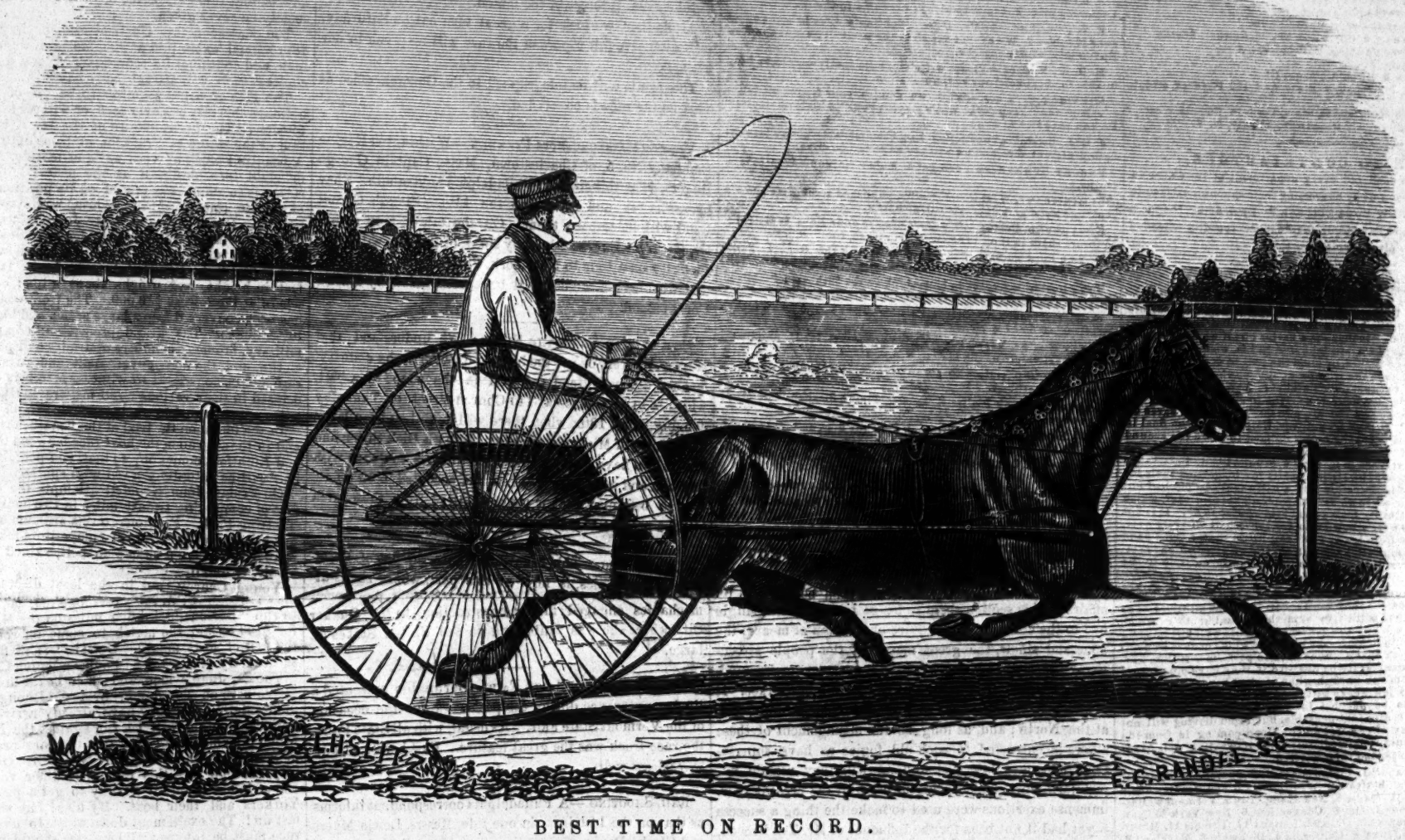

BEST TIME ON RECORD.

FLORA TEMPLE, AS SHE APPEARED IN HER GREAT TROTTING MATCH WITH TACONY, ON THE UNION, L. I., COURSE, TUESDAY, SEPT. 2, 1856—FLORA WINNING IN ONE HEAT, IN THE UNPARALLELED TIME OF 2:24¼.

TRAINING EXTRAORDINARY.

Startling Performances of "Intellectual Fleas."

We have lately discovered an individual who for the last twenty years has devoted his life to the intellectual training of fleas. He carries on his operations in a little room in Marylebone street, London. We enter—there are fleas here, fleas there, fleas everywhere; no less than sixty fleas are here imprisoned and sentenced to hard labor for life. All of them are luckily chained or fastened in some way or other, so that escape and subsequent feasting upon visitors is impossible. A little black speck jumps up suddenly off the table whereon the performance takes place—we walk up to inspect, and find that it is a monster flea attired "a la convict;" he is free to move about, but, wherever he goes, a long gilt chain, tightly fastened round his neck, accompanies him.

Occasionally he tries to jump; the chain soon brings him down again, strong as he is. We were told that if a flea be fastened to the end of an unbroken wheat straw, he will be strong enough to lift it right off the table on which it is placed. The discovery was first made by the flea proprietor, and made him turn his attention towards utilising the race. One would think it were easy enough to procure troops of fleas, and to perform; but it appears that neither is an easy matter. It is not easy to procure a lot of able-bodied fleas, and it is not every sort of flea that will do. They must be human fleas; dog fleas, cat fleas and bird fleas are of no use—they are not lively enough nor strong enough, and soon break down in their training. Human fleas, therefore, must be obtained, and our friend has created a market for them. The dealers are principally elderly females, who supply the raw material; the trade price of fleas, moreover, (like the trade price of everything else,) varies, but the average price is threepence a dozen. In the winter time it is sixpence; and on one occasion the trainer was obliged to give the large sum of sixpence for one single flea. He had arranged to give a performance; the time arrived; he unpacked the fleas; one, whose presence could not be dispensed with, was gone. What was to be done? the vacancy must be filled. At last, an ostler, pitying the manager's distress, supplied the needful animal; but he required sixpence for it, and sixpence he got.

While we were looking at the performance, there came in a fresh supply of fleas; a swarm of them, in a vial bottle, huddled altogether at the bottom. We gave them a shake, and immediately they all began hopping about, hitting their little horny heads against the sides of the bottle (which was held sideways) with such force that there was a distinct noise as if one had gently tapped the bottom with a nail. They were not very good friends, for they were continually getting entangled in masses, and fighting with their tiny but powerful legs, and rolling over and over as if in mortal combat. It was not, however, a case of life and death; for we did not see one that was looking injured or tired after the melee.

We then observed one fact, which gave us great pleasure, namely, that fleas are at enmity with bugs. There was one bug in the bottle, surrounded by many fleas; the poor bug rushed continually from one end of the bottle to the other, running the gauntlet of the assembled fleas; every flea he came near attacked him; and retreated immediately, as though half afraid of him; the bug, overwhelmed by numbers, had the worst of it, and beat an ignoble retreat into a bit of flannel.

Fleas are not always brought to market in vial bottles. A flea proprietor told us that he got all his best fleas from Russia, and that they came over in pill-boxes, packed in the finest cotton-wool. These fleas were big, powerful and good workers. We wonder whether the Custom House authorities thought it worth while to examine the contents of these pill-boxes. When our friend in Marylebone makes his annual tour into the provinces, his wife sends him weekly a supply of fleas in the corner of an envelope, packed in tissue-paper. She is careful not to put them in the corner where the stamp goes, as the post-office clerk would, with his stamp-marker, at one blow, smash the whole of the stock.

A flea cannot be taken up from its wild state and made to work at once; like a colt or a puppy, it must undergo a course of training or discipline. The training is brought about as follows: The flea is taken up gently in a pair of forceps, and a noose of the finest glass-silk is passed round his neck, and there tied with a peculiar knot. The flea, unfortunately for himself, has a groove or depression between his neck and his body, which serves as a capital hold-fast for the bit of silk; it can slip neither up nor down, and he cannot push it off with his legs; he is a prisoner, and is thus tied to his work. This delicate operation is generally performed under a magnifying glass; but, after a time, the eye gets so accustomed to the work, that the glass is not always used. In no way is the performing flea mutilated; his kangaroo-like springing legs are not cut off, nor are his lobster-like walking legs interfered with—a flea must be in perfect health to perform well.

The first lesson given to the novice is the same as that given to a child, namely, to walk. To effect this he is fastened to the end of a slip of card-board, which works on a pin as on a pivot; the moment he feels himself free from the hand, or rather forceps of the harnesser, he gives a tremendous spring forward; what is the consequence? he advances in a circle, and the weight of the card-board keeps him down at the same time. He tries it again with the same result; finally, he finds the progress he makes in no way equal to his exertions; he therefore, like a wise flea, gives it up, and walks round and round with his card-board as quietly as an old blind horse does in a mill. To arrive at this state of training requires about a fortnight as the average time.

There is another mode of training fleas; to shut them up in a small glass box which turns easily between two upright supporters. The flea, when first put in, hops wildly about, but he only hits his head against the top of the box, and at the same time gets giddy with the turning round of his prison. We are not aware which system of training has proved the more successful.

Among the trained fleas already at work, we noticed the following: there was a coach with four fleas harnessed to it, who draw it along a pretty good pace; and we should be inclined to back the coach in a race with a common garden snail. It is very heavy for the little creatures to drag along, for one pane of glass in the coach is equal to the weight of one hundred fleas. There is a large flea, whose daily task is to drag along a little model of a man-of-war; it is amusing to see him push and struggle to get it long; but get it along he does, although it is two hundred and forty times his own weight. Again, there are two fleas secured, one at each end of a very little bit of gold colored paper. They are placed in a reversed position to each other—one looking one way, the other another way. Thus tied, they are placed in a sort of arena on the top of a musical-box; at one end of the box sits an orchestra composed of fleas, each tied to its seat, and having the resemblance of some musical instrument tied on the foremost of their legs. The box is made to play, the exhibitor touches each of the musicians with a bit of stick, and they all begin waving their hands about, as performing an elaborate piece of music. The fleas tied to the gold paper feel the jarring of the box below, and begin to run round and round as fast as their little legs will carry them. This is called the Flea's Waltz.

Tightly secured in a tiny chair sits a flea facing a tiny cannon. Several times a day this unfortunate insect fires this cannon, and in this wise: One of the little slips which form the feather of a quill pen is fastened on to one of his legs, and a little detonating power placed on its tip; the exhibitor then presses the wand down on to the cannon, and scratches the detonating powder, it goes off with a sharp report, making the lookers-on jump, but it astonishes nobody more than the flea himself; he flourishes the burnt remains of his firing wand madly about in the air, his numerously legs kick about violently, his little head bobs up and down, and altogether he shows as many symtoms of alarm as it is possible for a flea to exhibit. The individual flea that we saw in this state of trepidation did not seem to have got used to his work, though the poor thing had been firing his cannon about thirty times a day for a month.

The fleas are not kept always in harness; every night each flea is taken out of his harness, is fed, and placed in a private compartment in a box for the night; before they go to bed they have their supper, and in the morning also their breakfasts, upon the hand of their owner—sometimes he has nearly all his fleas on the backs of his hands at the same moment, all bitting and sucking away. For more than twenty years has he thus daily fed his fleas without any detriment to his health: the quantity of blood, he considers, would feed a flea many weeks; but it is the itching sensation caused by the flea cutting the skin which is unpleasant. This feeling of itching he felt painfully when he first began to submit himself to the tender mercies of his little performers; now he is so hardened that he feels them not at all, whether biting or sucking. When, however, there are many on him at the same time, he suffers from a sensation of great irritation all over his body, which passes away when their supper is over. He has remarked that fleas will not feed if his hand is not kept perfectly motionless; the act, therefore, of feeding and harnessing is troublesome and he is obliged to give up two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon to it. His fleas generally live a long time, provided they are properly fed and taken care of. He once had a flea, a patriarch, who for eighteen months was occupied in pulling up a little bucket from a well: this flea lived longer than any other flea he ever had, and he believes he died finally from pure old age; for he was found dead one day, faithful to his post, with his bucket drawn half-way up the well.—[Household Words.

PEDESTRIAN FEAT IN RUSSIA.

Captain Cochrane, who set out from St. Petersburgh in May, 1820, to walk through the interior of Russia to the east of Asia, with a view of ascertaining the fact of a northeast cape, traveled at the rate of forty-three miles a day for one hundred and twenty-three successive days. He afterwards walked upwards of four hundred miles without meeting a human being. Wherever he went he seems to have accommodated himself to the habits of the people, however rude and disgusting. With the Kalmucks, he ate horse-flesh, elks, and wolves; and with the Tchutski he found as little difficulty in pasturing upon bears, rein-deer, and raw frozen fish, the last of which he considered a great delicacy.

Horrible.—Why is a horse, half-way through a gate, like a penny? Case it is head on one side and tail on the other.

HAMLET IN VERSE.

SHOWING HOW THE MUSS ORIGINATED—TOGETHER WITH THE FRIGHTFUL END THEREOF.

A LAMENTABLE BALLAD.

A hero's life I sing,
His story shall my pen mark,
He was not the king,
But Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.
His mamma was young,
The crown she had her eyes on;
Her husband stopt her tongue—
She stopt his ears with poison;
Toorol loorol lay, ti rol rumpti ndy,
Tweedle deedle eh, ri fol rumpti deedle.

When she had killed the king,
She ogled much his brother,
And having slain one spouse,
She quickly got another.
And this so soon did she,
And was so great a sinner,
The funeral baked meats
Serv'd for the wedding dinner.
Toorol, &c.

Now Hamlet sweet her son,
No bully or bravado,
Of love felt hot the flame,
And so went to Barnardo:
"Oh, sir," says he, "we've seen
A sight with monstrous sad eye;"
And this was nothing but—
The ghost of Hamlet's daddy.
Toorol, &c.

Just at that time it rose,
And sighing, said—"List, Hammy,
Your mother is the snake
That poisoned me, er d—me.
And now I'm down in h—ll,
All over sulph'rous flame boy,
That your dad should be on fire,
You'll own's a burning shame, boy."
Toorol, &c.

Just at the time he spoke,
The morn was breaking thro' dell,
Up jump'd a cock and cried,
"Cock a doodle doodle.
I'm now cock-sure of going;
Preserve you from all evil;
You to your mother walk,
And I'll walk to the devil."
Toorol, &c.

Hamlet loved a maid,
Calumny had pass'd her,
She ne'er had played tricks,
'Cause—nobody had ask'd her:
Madness seized her wits,
Poor lord chamberlain's daughter!
She jump'd into a pond,
And went to heaven by water.
Toorol, &c.

No matter now for that,
A play they made and shammed it,
The audience Claudius was,
And he got up and damn'd it.
He vow'd he'd see no more,
He felt a wond'rous dizziness,
And then for candles called,
To make light of the business.
Toorol, &c.

A fencing match had they,
The queen drinks as they try too,
Says she—"O, king, I'm killed;"
Says Laertes, "so am I too;"
"And so am I," cried Ham;
"What, are you dead?" says the king,
"Yes, sir, and so will you be,
And that as sure as any thing."
Toorol, &c.

So then he stabbed his liege,
Then fell Ophy's brother,
And so the Danish court
All tumbled one on t'other:
To celebrate these deeds,
Which are from no false shamlet,
Every village small,
Henceforth was call'd a Hamlet.
Toorol, &c.

COCK FIGHTING.

THE WELSH MAIN AND THE MAGPIE-COCK.

HAPPENING to pass through a village in the North of England, on the 11th of last month, about noon, I observed an unusual bustle among the rustics at an ale-house door; and on inquiry I found a number of weavers and others had been drawn together for the purpose of fighting a Welsh main of cocks. Being fond of the sport, I alighted and put my horse in a mud hovel (a wretched apology for a stable,) determined to enjoy the diversion. It was a motley groupe, and I was not only amused with several uncommonly well-fought battles, but also with the flexibility of muscle which the countenances of some of the spectators displayed, as the advantages appeared for or against their favorite bird. It was a vociferous assemblage; and betting was carried on with spirit, accompanied with forcible and even violent gesticulation. Three battles had already taken place, and the cocks, prepared for the fourth, were in the act of pecking at each other in the hands of the setters-to, when a tall figure entered the circle, drew himself up with an air of authority, and with much stammering and stuttering, and great pains and labor, at length delivered himself of a command for the sports to cease. This produced a pause—the visages of the rustics assumed different forms and different colors, but anger was clearly the predominant feeling. The said knight "of the rueful countenance" was dressed in a blue coat, colored waistcoat, and brown pantaloons, and during the interregnum which took place, I had an opportunity of glancing at his countenance—his face was not lighted up with the beams of intelligence, benignity, or good nature; on the contrary, a dark vapid scowl gave to his visage an aspect of malignity, while, from the peculiar lines with which it was marked, as well as its *tout ensemble*, Lavater would have described him as one of those half-finished *lings*, whom nature, in a sulky mood, had consigned to the hands of one of her apprentices! After a pause of a few seconds, in a stammering tone, he directed a sort of threat at me. Fired with indignation at treatment like this from such a mass of ignorance and ill-timed presumption, I retorted with bitter defiance; and the rustics no sooner perceived that I was on their side, than they became extremely clamorous, and used at the same time such significantly expressive gestures as induced this unwelcome intruder to decamp with precipitation. The sports immediately recommenced, and I was noticed by many individuals of the assembled throng with the utmost good-nature, as well as with a degree of importunate familiarity, with which I would have gladly dispensed.

Among the cocks, there was one in particular which excited my attention. There was something peculiar in his method of fighting, and he was ultimately declared the victor. He was a tall, but not a heavy cock; in color, a grey. He was distinguished by the name of *pianet* (magpie;) and I was informed by the owner of him that he had been hatched under a magpie, from an idea that it would *increase his quickness in striking*. The man told me, that having a magpie's nest in one of his apple-trees, just as the bird began to sit, he took her eggs out of the nest, and replaced them by three hen's eggs of a favorite game breed. The magpie, he said, hatched these eggs, and the cock in question had been thus produced. "How could the magpie feed such a brood?" said I. He replied that he had taken them (two hen chickens and a cock,) from the magpie's nest as soon as they were hatched, and placed them under a hen which had hatched at the same period. I must confess the story appeared strange—the circumstance being new to me; though I found, on inquiry amongst these cock-fighters, that several of them were impressed with the notion, that to hatch a cock under a magpie would render him more eligible as a fighter.

MODESTY is the citadel of beauty and virtue. The first of all virtues is innocence, the second is modesty.

WILD DUCK SHOOTING.

DUCK, or wild fowl shooting, affords a great deal of diversion to many of our sportsmen.

The wild duck is to be found in abundance in all parts of the United States. There not being a river, lake, or stream without them at certain seasons of the year; and no country in the world can boast of so great a variety. Most of them breed far to the north, though some breed as far south as Virginia.

Except those that breed with us, they generally come on from the north, in the latter part of September or October, and remain as long as the ice will permit them. It is said that more go north by the Mississippi than formerly, which will account for their being scarcer with us on the sea-board, within a few years past.

A large portion of the wild duck family is considered good eating, and from the price which some of them bear in the markets of our cities, many persons are induced to make shooting them a business.

The canvass back, or white back, as it is sometimes called, is deservedly ranked by epicures as the most palatable of all ducks, though several others are very little inferior in flavor. They are supposed to acquire their exquisite taste from the food on which they subsist, which is the roots of a kind of grass that grows near the shores and in the shallow water of the rivers which empty into the Chesapeake Bay; it is also found in the Delaware, but not so abundant as in the former. The root of this grass they procure by diving, and exclusively feed on it so long as it can be obtained.

Many ways and devices have been resorted to in this country for the purpose of taking these and other ducks, for they are so wild that nothing but stratagem will succeed.

A very general method of shooting them is, for the sportsman to take a position on some point of land, over which the ducks fly at certain hours of the day and when the wind blows strong from a particular quarter. Every shooter is supplied with a water spaniel or some other dog, which will bring the ducks out that fall in the water.

On the Delaware they are got at by what is called *saddling*, and this is most successful when there is plenty of ice in the river. The shooter is prepared with a light batteau, twelve or fourteen feet long, painted perfectly white both on the in and outside. He puts on a white cap and shirt, and in short has everything about himself and boat as white as possible. Small troughs are attached to the outside of the boat, in which cakes of ice are placed, with the edge upwards, so as completely to conceal the shooter. When he intends to make up to a flock of ducks, he sits down, or rather partially lies in the stern of the boat, with his head, as much as practicable, below the icy screen. He then takes a small paddle, about three feet and a half long, with which the boat is propelled, by a kind of rotary motion, through the water. The boat moves on slowly, without any rocking or irregular motion, and is mistaken by the ducks for a mass of floating ice. In this way they will frequently permit a boat to approach within twenty yards of them. When there is no ice floating, a quantity of decayed reeds or grass is placed on the bow of the boat, and sometimes answers a pretty good purpose.

Hogsheads are sometimes sunk into the mud on the flats over which the ducks fly, in which the shooter and his dog are concealed. Artificial ducks and stool ducks are also employed to decoy these poor birds, and no trick or stratagem that human ingenuity can devise for their destruction is left untried.

To give a particular description of the many kinds of ducks in this country would occupy more room than can be spared in a notice of this kind, and would answer no useful purpose to the sportsman, for whom it is intended.

The wild goose, brant and swan are shot pretty much in the same manner as the duck, but are not so easily got at, being very shy and wary birds, particularly the latter, and are seldom killed, except when forced to fly over or near a point on which shooters are stationed; they are all excellent eating, and when killed will command a high price.

MUSICAL PRACTICE AMONG BIRDS.

MANY people imagine that birds sing by instinct, and their songs come to them without any labor or practice. But ornithologists, who have made the habits of the feathered tribes a life-study, hold a different theory, and tell of long and laborious practice in species and individuals to acquire facility and compass of song. The following information frm a practised observer will be new to many of our readers:

Birds all have their peculiar ways of singing. Some have a monotonous song, as the bay-winged sparrow. The yellow-bird has a continuous chatter, without any particular form of song. The cat-bird is a mocker. The golden-robin has a song of its own; but each one may have a song of its own, though those of the same locality are apt to sing the same tune. The hermit-thrush has a round of variations, perhaps the sweetest singer of the feathered choir. But the song-sparrow has the most remarkable characteristics of song of any bird that sings.

Every male song-sparrow has seven independent songs of its own, no two having the same notes throughout, though sometimes, as if by accident, they may hit upon one or more of the same.

Six years ago this spring I first made the discovery. A singer that had taken up his residence in my garden attracted my attention by the sweet variations of its songs, so I commenced taking observations on the subject. I succeeded at last in remembering all his songs, which are to this day as fresh in my memory as any of our common airs that I am so fond of whistling. On one occasion I took note of the number of times he sang each song, and the order of singing. I copy from my journal, six years back: No. 1, sung 27 times; No. 2, 36 times; No. 3, 23 times; No. 4, 19 times; No. 5, 21 times; No. 6, 32 times; No. 7, 18 times. Perhaps next he would sing No. 2; then, perhaps, No. 4 or 5, and so on.

Some males will sing each tune about fifty times, although seldom; some will only sing them from five to ten times. But, as far as I have observed, each male has his seven songs. I have applied the rule to as many as a dozen different birds, and the result has been the same. I would say that it requires a great degree of patience, and a good ear, to come at the truth of the matter; but anyone may watch a male bird while singing, and will find he will change his tune in a few minutes more.

The bird that I first mentioned came to the same vicinity five springs in succession, singing the same seven songs, always singing within a circle of about twenty rods. On the fifth spring he came a month later than usual; another sparrow had taken possession of his hunting-grounds, so he established himself a little one side. I noticed that he sang less frequently than of old, and in a few days his song was hushed forever. No doubt old age claimed him as a victim. In other cases I have known a singer to return to the same place two, three and four years, but frequently not more than one. I think there is not a more interesting or remarkable fact in natural history than the one I have related, and it is a fact you may confidently believe.—[New England Farmer.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE—ALL HUMBUG.

WHEN Stephen Kemble was manager in Newcastle, and the houses were rather flat, no less a personage arrived in town than the Prince Annamaboo, who offered his services for a very moderate consideration. Accordingly, the bills of the day announced, "that between the acts of the play Prince Annamaboo would give a lively representation of the scalping operation; he would likewise give the Indian war-whoop, in all its various tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet."

The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these princely imitations. At the end of the third act, his highness walked forward, with dignified step, flourishing his tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming, "ha, ha—ho, ho!" Next entered a man with his face blackened and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the prince, with a large carving-knife, commenced the scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly imperial, holding up the skin in token of triumph. Next came the war whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds; lastly the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beef-steaks; these he made into rolls, as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a princely and dignified manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk, exclaiming, "ha ha—ho ho!" and made his exit.

Next day, the manager, in the middle of the market-place, espied the most puissant prince of Annamaboe selling pen-knives, scissars and quills, in the character of a Jew pedlar.

"What!" said Kemble, "my prince, is that you? Are not you a pretty Jewish scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner?"

Moses turned round, and with an arch look, replied, "Prince be d—d, I vash no prince, I vash acting like you—you vash kings, princes, emperor, to-night, Stephen Kemble to-morrow; I vash humpugs, you vash humpugs, and all vash humpugs."

HORSES SHOULD BE EXERCISED DAILY.

HORSES require daily exercise in the open air, and can no more be expected to exist without it, that their owners. Exercise is an essential feature in stable management, and like well opportuned food tends alike to preserve the health of horses.

Daily exercise is necessary for all horses, unless they are sick; it assists and promotes a free circulation of the blood, determines morbific matter to the surface, de velopes the muscular structure, creates an appetite, impruves the wind, and finally invigorates the whole system, We cannot expect much of a horse that has not been habituated to sufficient daily exercise: while such as have been daily exercised, and well managed, are capable not only of great exertion and fatigue, but are ready and willing to do our bidding at any season. When an animal is overworked, it renders the system very susceptible to whatever morbid influences may be present, and imparts to the disease they may labor under, an unusual degree of severity. The exhaustion produced by want of rest is equally dangerous; such horses are always among the first victims of disease, and when attacked their treatment is embarrassing and unsatisfactory.

SAGACITY OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THE following anecdote will prove the extraordinary sagacity of these dogs. One of them, belonging to a grocer, had observed one of the porters of the house, and who was often in the shop, frequently take money from the till, and which the man was in the habit of concealing in the stable, The dog, having witnessed the thefts, became restless, pulling persons by the skirts of their coats, and apparently wishing them to follow him. At length an apprentice had occasion to go to the stable; the dog followed him, and having drawn his attention to the heap of rubbish under which the money was buried, began to scratch till he had brought the booty to view. The apprentice brought the money to his master, who marked it and restored it to the place where it had been hidden. Some of the marked money was soon afterward found on the porter, who was taken before a magistrate and convicted of the theft.

RAILROAD SPEED.—Some pretty quick time has recently been made between Rochester and Syracuse on the railroad. A few weeks since, H. C. Hosmer drove the locomotive Flying Cloud, with two cars attached, the run between the two cities—eighty-one miles—in one hundred minutes—less than a minute and fifteen seconds per mile.

DONT RACE WITH IRISH HORSES.—"Mike, can you account for the extraordinary curve in this horse's back?" "Sure and I can, sir. Before the baste was your property, he was backed agin an Irish horse that bate her hollow, and she niver got straight since."

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS;

OR, ONE FAITHFUL FRIEND STILL LEFT.

WE strongly recommend the following lines to the serious consideration of all those juvenile sportsmen and others, who, like the hero of the piece, may have inherited a handsome, but small fortune. We can assure them, that there is the full force of reality in the fiction of the poet; and that we have at this moment, in memory, various such examples, which have actually occurred in the course of our sporting pilgrimage, which has been occasionally engaged on these subjects.

My father left ten thousand pounds,
And will'd it all to me;
My friends, like sunflowers, flock'd around,
As kind as kind could be.

This sent a buck and that a hare,
And some the Lord knows what;
In short, I thought I could declare,
No man such friends had got.

They ate my meat—they drank my wine;
In truth so kind were they,
That, be the weather wet or fine,
They'd dine with me next day.

They came—and, like the circling year,
The circling glass went round;
Till something whisper'd in my ear,
"Ah, poor ten thousand pound!"

"Pshaw! stuff!" cried I, "I'll hear it not,
Besides, such *friends* are mine,
That what they have, will be my lot,
So push about the wine."

The glasses rung—the jest prevail'd,
'Twas summer every day!
Till, like a flower by blight assail'd,
My thousands dropt away.

Alas! and so my friends dropt off,
Like rose-leaves from the stem;
My fallen state but met their scoff,
And I no more saw them!

One friend, one *honest friend* remained
When all the locusts flew,
One that ne'er shrank, nor friendship *feign'd*,
My *faithful dog*, 'twas *you*.

NATURE PROVIDES FOR ALL.

So various are the appetites of animals, that there is scarcely a plant which is not chosen by some and left untouched by others. The horse gives up the water hemlocks to the goat; the cow gives up the long leaved water hemlock to the sheep; the goat gives up the monk's hood to the horse, &c., for that which some animals grow fat upon, others abhor as poison. Hence no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only respectively. Thus the spurge, that is so noxious to man, is a most wholesome nourishment to the catterpillar. That animals may not destroy themselves for the want of knowing this law, each of them is guarded by such a delicacy of taste and smell, that they can easily distinguish what is pernicious from what is wholesome; and when it happens that different animals live upon the same plants, still one kind leaves something for the other, as the mouths of all are not equally adapted to lay hold of the grass, by which means there is sufficient food for all. To this may be referred an economical experiment well known to the Dutch, that when eight cows have been in pasture, and can no longer get nourishment, two horses will do very well there for some days; when nothing is left for the horses, four sheep will live upon it.

THE MENAGERIE.

"Mr. Showman, what is that." "That, my dear, is the Rhynocercow. He is cousing German or Dutch relative to the Unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and fed on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country much against his own will, which accounts for his low spirit, when he's melancholy or dejected. He is now somewhat aged, although he has not seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to surway the wisdom of Providence as displayed in the ring tailed monkey, a hanimal that can stand hanging like a feller critter only it's reversed.

THE POP GUN PLANT.

IN the mountains of Brazil there is a hot house plant, Piles Callitrichoides, of tender, brittle and juicy aspect which looks as if it would be good to eat in a cooling salid, but which is really of so explosive a temperament that it might fairly be called the pistol plant. When near flowering, and with its tiny buds ready to open, if the plant is either dipped in water, or abundantly watered, each bud will explode successively, keeping up a mimic Sebastopolitan bombardment, sending forth a puf of gunpowder smoke—or a little cloud of dusty pollen—as its stamens suddenly start forth to take their place and form a cross. It is an amusing toy, which produces a plentiful crop of pop guns.

"OYSTERS AS IS OYSTERS."—A young gentleman of this city called at an oyster stand, a day or two since, and ordered a "dozen in the shell." The order was attended to in a moment, and when he attempted to swallow the first oyster, he felt some hard substance in his mouth, which he took out and placed on the stand beside him. After the whole were disposed of, he examined the hard substance which he supposed to be a pebble, and discovered that it was a large and valuable pearl. Various jewelers estimate its value at from $10 to $40.—[Syracuse Standard.

ROUGH GAMBLING.—A noted person in Hon. Bailie Peyton's district, who was always a hard worker against the Colonel, was observed to be missing on election day.

"What's become of Bill Jones?" asked the candidate, of one of Bill's cronies.

"Well," responded the latter, "I believe he's been shut up down in Georgia for rough gambling."

"Rough gambling! what's rough gambling down in Georgia?"

"Why, cutting trunks off behind stages, and such like."

DUCKING.—A fellow was arrested by a farmer for stealing ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere and he went on to describe them.

"Why," says the counsel for the prisoner, "they can't be such a rare breed of ducks, I have some of them in my yard."

"That's very likely," returned the farmer. "I have lost a good many lately."

GUILLOTINE.—A cat belonging to a lady in Hoboken *guillotined* herself lately in the following manner:—Having strayed into the drawing-room, which fronts the river, and one of the windows being open, she jumped up to observe what was passing outside. Unfortunately, a small piece of wood that supported the window, caught her eye, and in examining it, she pulled it out, when down came the sharp-edged window, and literally guillotined her, sending her head out and her body in.

DUTCH BULL.—The Dutch are as famous for bulls as the Irish. "I be lost two cowsh," said Mynheer, "unt, von vash a calf, unt two vash a bull."